MORE FRIGHTENING THAN F. MURRAY ABRAHAM PACKIN' HEAT!

HITCH

#3 • OCTOBER / NOVEMBER

350

MEET DR-
DEATH!

CRASHING A
TREKKIE CON!

FARM
FATALITIES!

MENTOS!

SPOOKY HALLOWEEN ISSUE

HITCH

JUST BROWN 'N' SERVE!

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InHITCH

#3 • OCTOBER/NOVEMBER 1994

"The truth is I practice absurdity quite religiously."
—Alfred Hitchcock

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ON THE COVER

Lovable Roger Corman creation Munchie sets the Halloween spirit right. We neglected to mention last issue's cover boy, the multi-talented Gamera. Our sincere apologies to Gamera and his family.

Heapin' Mailbag

Rod,

I got the first issue of your super cool zine today. This thing is hilarious! I have laughed out loud many times thus far and suspect I will even more as I continue to read. As for what I really liked, I'd say almost everything! I really like the quasi-Southern stuff like the car show article. This is the same kind of stuff that goes on around me. I know they're basically a harmless lot, but those kind of folks really get on my nerves. That's the South for you.

I also liked the David Hasselwhatever checklist and "Kevin Costner's 34 Crimes Against Humanity." I agreed with exactly 34 of them. Actually, I was very intrigued with the news-oriented stuff. A product of your journalism? I would probably say so. There's a lot of information in here that the average Joe couldn't get their hands on very easily. All in all, I've been really impressed with the originality of the whole thing. Keep up the excellent work!

Oh, yeah, my favorite thing about **HITCH**: Shannon Tweed! The picture, mind you, not the article. Just kidding....I think.

Chris Henry
Swainsboro, GA

Rod,

More disgusting pictures of rosacea, please!

Todd Smithson
Boise, ID

Boy, are you *in luck, Mr. Smithson. We just happened to have one more set of before 'n' after shots hanging around the office. For your sick enjoyment, here they are:*

Please send all kindhearted words and acrimonious missives to: Heapin' Mailbag, c/o **HITCH**, *5504 N. Tulsa, Oklahoma City, OK 73112. Or online at rlott@aol.com. All mail is subject to extreme ridicule.*

Dear Friend,

This is my family. Stuart is at the top. Below him are our daughters Tait (left), Sarah (right) and Dornin (below). Don't you think the girls take after my wife Betsy? Oh, and that's Max, our trusted dog.

Oliver North
Sterling, VA

No, Ollie, we think they take after Max. And what planet is Stuart from?

Off the Line

Compiled by Ken Davis

Been in cyberspace lately? Traveled the information super highway? Surfed the Internet? Sent a flame to an AOL newbie? If not, you're tragically behind the times, man.

Computers and the way we use them change more frequently than Madonna uses the "f" word. In fact, this very article was sent to **HITCH** via e-mail. "Snail mail" would have taken days; e-mail took only seconds. Amazing.

But cyberspace isn't just lightning-speed mail delivery. Oh, no, gentle reader, it is so much more. It's downloading smut from alt.binaries.pictures.erotica. It's discussing how to cheat on "DOOM" with a lad from the U.K. It's telling your favorite anecdote about your pet cat Fluffy. But most importantly, it's the newest and coolest way to make fun of people. The inquisitive are bound to ask, "But how, ole wise one?" Easy: Simply publish messages in **HITCH** that people post in newsgroups.

And the fun doesn't stop there, folks. I smell a huge opportunity for reader participation. Why not send e-mail to "malle002@maroon.tc.umn.edu" and ask her how her diet is going? Just for grins, you could mention that you eat all the Hostess Ding-Dongs you want and just don't seem to gain any weight. Or how about sending a message to "diggy@cix.compulink.co.uk" and tell him that although you aren't double jointed, you like to crack your knuckles a lot. Tell him that it doesn't freak anyone out, but that it makes a wicked cool noise. The possibilites are endless. Have fun with it and let me know how it goes, at "kend466145@aol.com."

alt.fan.tonya-harding.whack.whack.whack

From: davemackey@BIX.com
Date: 29 Aug 94 01:13:17 GMT
The Sunday roto section USA Weekend notes that as part of her sentence arrangement, Tonya H. must hold at least a part time job. A photo of her shown at her part-time gardening job is shown, with Tonya wearing sweats and wielding a trimmer.

Tonya smokes?
From: daveh3621@aol.com
Date: 4 Sep 1994 22:31:02 -0400
I read somewhere that Tonya is a smoker. Anyone know what brand she smokes?

Re: Tonya smokes?
From: hamlet@netcom.com
Date: Mon, 5 Sep 1994 04:39:43 GMT
Pall Mall unfiltered. At least, that's what she used to ask me to pick up for her when we had our apartment together.

alt.sex.masturbation

Start soft or hard
From: shepdog@pinyon.libre.com
Date: 28 Aug 1994 05:04:52 -0700
Here's another of my informal surveys regarding technique...Do you start your j/o session with a hard or a soft one? When I wake up in the middle of the night with a bone, I know only one way to spell releif. However, I get the urge to doit when is soft. Alone at home, I pull off my short and start to fondle my soft. It does not take long. So...How do you all start?

alt.tv.bh90210

Jason is a GOD !
From: greg1056@aol.com
Date: 8 Sep 1994 00:17:09 -0400
Keep the goatee and sideburns. Definitely adds to the already major sex appeal - YOWZA !

Things the opener didn't cover
From: ASPAUL@UGA.CC.UGA.EDU
Date: Thu, 08 Sep 94 15:29:05 EDT
Hi, I have some questions that the season opener did not answer.
1. Did Dylan give them ALL of his money? It seems he should still be wealthy because I thought he only gave them a portion of his money or something.
2. Did no one find the note that his *sister* left on the bathroom door?
3. What happened to Donna's dog?
4. Where is Donna living now, is she going to move back into the beach house now that David is moving out and she & Kelly made up.
5. Steve & Celeste, they were beginning to get back together what happened?
6. Where was the Peach Pit....not mentioned, not shown?
Comments: I like Brandon clean shaven better. I don't think I am going to like Valerie that much. I don't like the new beginning to the show.....they should have changed it more IMHO.

alt.support.diet

Oh, those yummy bagels!!
From: janet.piercy@ctobbs.com
Date: Sun, 28 Aug 1994 05:19:00 GMT
I started chowing on bagels about a year ago, and now I can't believe I

haven't been eating them all my life! They're so tasty, healthy, low calorie and low fat!

Richard Simmons/Deal-A-Meal Contact Info
From: 9072falkk@vms.csd.mu.edu
Date: 31 Aug 1994 20:46:34 GMT
Does anyone have contact information for RS's Deal-A-Meal Corporation? My 'Take a Walk' tape took a hike after about a month of fairly strenuous use and I need to replace it.

Re: Richard Simmons/Deal-A-Meal Contact Info
From: kreter@compnet.cns.org
Date: 31 Aug 1994 15:11:32 -0700
You got a walking tape? I missed out on that one. Deal-A-Meal can be reached at GoodTimes, 16 East 40th Street, NY, NY. 10016.

Quit Whining!!
From: malle002@maroon.tc.umn.edu
Date: Thu, 8 Sep 1994 14:21:40 GMT
OK - This is it!!!!! After having read my posts on the board, it has occurred to me that I am whining WAY to much about this weight loss thing. I am surprised no one out there has said as much. In a way though, this board has supplied me a sounding board to vent my anger and sadness over this dilemma in my life. Thanks to all for putting up with my whining!! I have had it!!! I am going to lose this weight once and for all. I am not going to concentrate my efforts on what I can't have, but concentrate on eating balanced meals which are interesting and healthy. I have to make the time to fix healthy meals (not just buy the food and let it rot in the refrigerator!!!). I am going to actually stick to the WW program, not just sit there like a bump on a log and fake it. I just rejoined the YMCA and am going to make the committment to exercise three times a week to start. I am not going to look back on my past failures and let them get in the way. Thursday, September 8, 1994 @ 9:19 a.m. CDT is it, no looking back for me!!! I know I can do it!!! Again, thanks to all of you for all of the kind words and for your patience while I worked through this thing. I'll keep everyone posted!!!!

alt.angst

I mutilated myself!!
From: cyndi@gmg.com
Date: 28 Aug 1994 18:12:48 GMT
"Hi!!! My name is Cyndi!!! I started playing with razors, my skin and blood two years ago! I hit my first major vein last week! It's so liberating!!!! I think I'm gonna try a ginzu knife...I think it'll be a qewl statement!!!"

rec.pets.cats

From: fatz@tezcat.com
My cat stayed with me and my roommate for about a month or so, when one night she began pestering my roommate in her sleep. (she had the bedroom closest to the kitchen) - failing waking her up, Zeus came to my room to paw at me and complain loudly, occasionally making low growling noises in the direction of the kitchen...She then went to go work on my roommate again, and succeeded in getting her awake to see what the matter was. There was a man trying to crawl through our kitchen window!!!!!!!! My roommate came into my bedroom... we snuck into the kitchen and turned the light on!! He was startled and quickly retreated - running down the gangway between the buildings! I thought that she just wanted to go out, but the window that she used for an escape was open - and it was in the back of the apartment.. the furthest away from the kitchen. She could have easily escaped and not bothered to get us up - but I think that she took great offense to this man trying to get into our house! Well, we practically carried Zeus around on our shoulders for the rest of her life! Lauding her and giving her all the love and affection she wanted! She was then officially adopted as "watch cat", something two girls living alone in the city need!

rec.arts.bodyart

tongue piercing and placement
From: gt0795a@prism.gatech.edu
Date: 31 Aug 1994 02:53:11 -0400
ok. the first set of questions are for a poor friend of mine who still is unfourtunately living with his parents. currently he has a nipple pierce, and wants to get his tongue pierced. besides the fact he is going to get caught, it's basicly to piss them off. but at the same time he wants to see how long he can go without them seeing it. how close to the front can one go without worrying about it being to close to the front, ie getting ripped out? he wants to wear a very small captive beed ring eventually. his problem is he wants to go no higher than a 16 ga hole. is this even smart? i say no, but what do you guys thing? would it be possible to place a tube in his tongue after sweeling and healing have finished? the only other thing he is wondering about is he wants a skull bead for hisnipple. where can he get one? enough of that. i am getting my tongue pierced in three weeks, well maybe less than that. anyways, i'm getting it as far back as i can, so later i can get at least one more towards the front. basicly the bottom entry/exit will be as close as i can get it to my tongue's frenum. does anyone else have placement similar and have words of caution? thanks is advance.

alt.sex.motss

Re: Music at Gay Clubs

From: tyler@cerf.net
Date: 27 Aug 1994 08:10:08 GMT
Thank god someone has mentioned this! I was beginning to think I was the only person who thought gay clubs played the worst damn music! Having been to clubs in L.A., Boston, Toronto, N.Y.C., and San Francisco, I am convinced the worst music can always be found in gay clubs — Cicero's efforts notwithstanding. An exception is in Los Angeles at Sin-A-Matic (Saturday nights at 7969). Technically, the crowd is mixed, but there is always a good gay representation. And, the music is great, including NIN, Ministry, 808 State, KMFDM, and more. I now live a couple of hours away from L.A., which is great except that it's too far to drive to Sin-A-Matic every Saturday night, so I am forced to endure the usual gay crap music at my local dive. Actually, my musical fantasy would be to find a gay establishment that played ska and/or reggae music sometimes, if for no other reason than to
demonstrate that I am not the only gay person who likes those styles!

FAT BOY WANTS TO GET FATTER!!!
From: jwthomas@harp.aix.calpoly.edu
Date: Sun, 28 Aug 1994 19:59:59 GMT
Howdy! I am a GWM, 31, 5' 10", 240 lbs. with brown hair, brown beard, brown eyes. I love being fat and want to get even fatter. In fact, I'm looking for somebody who'll willingly make me his fat boy slave and imprison me in a fort of fat. I wanna become morbidly obese and barely mobile! Drop me a line and let's see what else we have in common. This chubby bear wants to be blimp out!
jbear

PRBS

More News We Got, But Have No Idea Why

ONG Employees Become More Uniform

In a move to make the employees of Oklahoma Natural Gas Company more easily recognizable, they will soon begin wearing standardized uniforms. It's part of our continuing focus on excellent customer service.

The uniform will be consistent in design and professional in appearance. Employees will phase into the new uniforms beginning Sept. 1. All meter readers and service technicians will begin wearing a distinctive shirt and pants.

Previously, shirt colors ranged from white to blue to gray. The new shirt is white with a dark pinstripe and has ONG's diamond logo. These employees will also wear coordinated charcoal gray slacks or shorts. Operating employees will wear light blue shirts with the slacks or jeans of their choice.

Also new will be the employee's name on the front of the shirt. This will give our customers an extra bit of security when ONG company employees enter their homes. It is one more tool we will be using to help us provide excellent service to our customers.

Movietime!

Match the plot synopsis to the film's title.

1. An evil ninja takes on the DEA.
2. A ninja team takes on a special agent.
3. A group of ninja drug smugglers takes on government officials.
4. A ninja takes on terrorists.
5. Two ninjas take on the Black Ninja Empire.
6. Fred MacMurray's wacky invention makes people float!

A. *Ninja Masters of Death*
B. *Ninja: American Warrior*
C. *Ninja Operation: License to Terminate*
D. *Ninja Death Squad*
E. *Ninja Fantasy*
F. *Son of Flubber*

ANSWERS: 1-B, 2-D, 3-E, 4-A, 5-C, 6-F

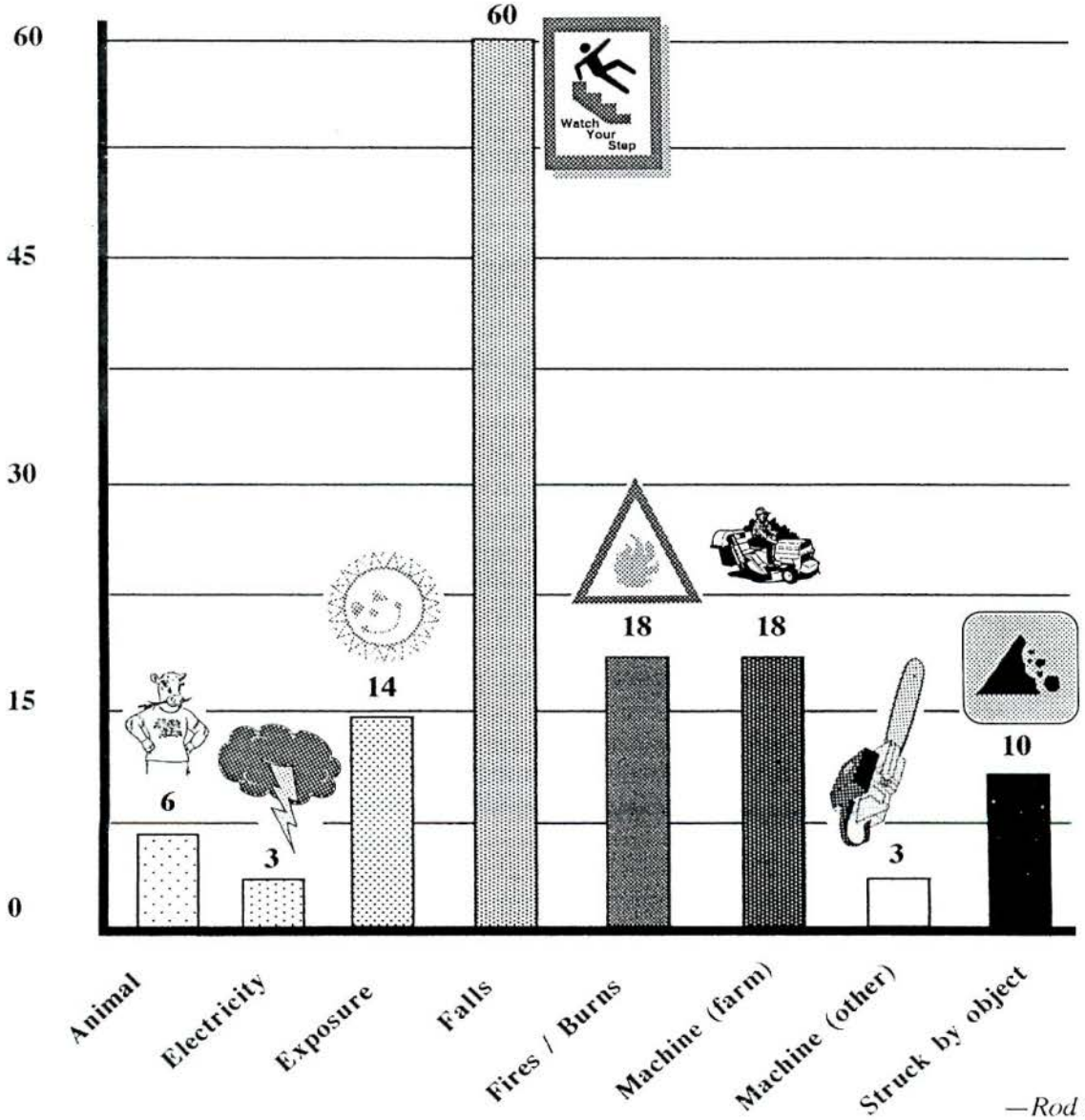
STATS

Death on the Farm: E-I-E-I-*Ouch!*

Picture this: It's morning again in America. As the call of the rooster marks the onset of the new day, Farmer Brown awakens to feed the animals and tend to the farm. There is work to be done, cows to be milked, land to be plowed. A whole day lie ahead. Then Farmer Brown blows it by getting his hand caught in the gears of a combine.

Here in Oklahoma, a true agricultural state, the pictured painted above is sometimes a work of reality. Even though farm workers comprise a mere 4 percent of all workers in the United States, they are susceptible to abnormally high rates of machinery-related deaths, electricity deaths and deaths due to falling objects. With the death rate for agriculture at 52 for every 100,000 workers, Oklahoma counted 132 farmer fatalities between 1987 and 1991.

Though cliched, a lot of them did involve tractors. Here's the breakdown:



—*Rod Lott*

SISKEL & EBERT

Give Their Opinion On:

EATING JUST ONE DONUT INSTEAD OF TWO

Patent of the Week

U.S. Patent # 4,608,259

Paper wrapper for a Taco Bell Soft Taco Supreme

Catalogues from Hell

Do you wear sizes 1X to 4X? Do you want to slip into some lingerie? If you answered yes, to the first question, we'd strongly advise against doing the second, but if you choose to ignore us, there is the ***Barely Nothings Full Figure Lingerie*** color catalog, for just $3. Either way, you can't fool us: "Full-figured" means "fat," no matter how you slice it.

The Last Will and Testament of Some Lady Who Goes Into OfficeMax Every So Often To Copy Said Will

AMERICSN INDIANS.

The lady in charge has been notified that the Indians are to recive all my clothes. For any reason she is not there talk to the one in charge, and tell them they are to receive my clothes, call either when ready,,they will come sfter them.

They are to receive all my clothes with the hangers that Mae made. They are located in different places in the house as follows.

In the closet off the living room are severak jackets, hats and winter coats and mic. things.

In the hall way in the cabinet are several hats.

In the small bed room, in the closets are several suits of clothes and jackets as well as about 50 neck ties. Look for shes on floor.

In the large bed room, in the dresser drawers are under ware, socks and handerchiefs. Any thing else that Dont want.

On the floor or under the bed are shoes.

In the rwo large cabinets, the one to the north.

Shoes, boots, pants and slacks. Look in the small pull out drawers for things.

The south cabinets contains shirts, short and long sleeves shrts.

Bath robs and etc.

HITCHed in Hollywood

Snide Gossip & Cheap Shots
By Malena Lott

Halloweenies — Just as kids across America are scrambling to the local Wal-Mart to pick out their favorite overpriced, non-flame-retardant costume for a night of trick-or-treating and terrorizing old people in the neighborhood, Hollywood celebs are preparing, too, for that most ghoulish of holidays, Halloween.

Anna Nicole Smith

Dress-up parties are still fun for the rich and famous, and we know the candy there will be of the white, powdery persuasion.

And as luck would have it, several of our nation's who's who have it so good that they *already* look like a real-life plastic Halloween costume. For instance:

- Anna Nicole Smith: Miss Piggy
- Kate Moss: any skeleton
- Rush Limbaugh: Pillsbury Dough Boy
- k.d. lang: any man
- Vanna White: Barbie
- Bob Dylan: a scary, wrinkled old man
- Chelsea Clinton: Opie Taylor
- Charlie Sheen: The Fonz
- Howard Stern: Steve Tyler
- Steve Tyler: Howard Stern
- Bill Clinton: Barney
- Delta Burke: aircraft carrier
- Jerry Seinfeld: Jughead

WIN $$$!

The FBI's Fugitive of the Month

WANTED
For Interstate Flight / Rape; Kidnapping

Cheuk Yan Fung

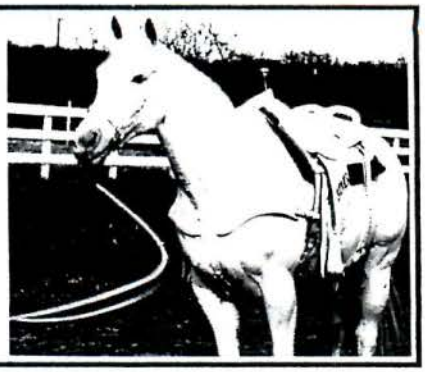
ALIAS: Cheuk Yaw Fung, Danny Fung
DOB: 5 / 21 / 49
BIRTHPLACE: Ontario, Canada
HEIGHT / WEIGHT: 5'8", 160 lbs.
BUILD: medium
HAIR: black
EYES: brown
COMPLEXION: medium
RACE: Asian
DEFINING SCARS: immunization scar on left thigh
SOCIAL SECURITY: 575-74-1170 or 575-47-1170
OCCUPATIONS: electrical engineering student

Don't let Cheuk's *rico suave* demeanor fool you: He's bad! Real bad! (As Macaulay Culkin said in The Good Son, "What do you think this is? A game?") Plus, he's got this thing for pretty young things (teenage girls) so he likes to hang where they hang! They probably ignore him, however, because he's into electrical engineering, which, as everyone knows, is real nerdy. That may be what sent him over the edge.

Or not. Regardless, spot Mr. Fung and call your local FBI office, or the Washington HQ at (202) 324-3000.

'HOT DIGGITY'
ROPE SPINNIN' HORSE

PERFORMS TRICKS YOUR AUDIENCE WILL LOVE!



Tom Neesnan's Belated Movie Reviews

Super Fuzz
(1981)
Rating: 9 1/2 out of 10

Super Fuzz is a funny, funny movie! Not since Gene Wilder's *The Frisco Kid* has my funny bone been tickled so darn hard! Ernest Borgnine, who plays a cop that works with the policeman who gets super powers affected only when he sees red, gives an Oscar-caliber performance. My favorite part is in the end when they go up in the air on a big bubble-gum balloon and it pops and they fall through the world and end up in a land Borgie calls "Hiwiahonkata." Many Chinese surround the two! Chinese are funny! See this film for sure!

Continental Divide
(1981)
Rating: 9 1/2 out of 10

This is one of Belushi's finest. The great job he does acting as a newspaper reporter just completely takes away from all the beautiful Colorado scenery. The best line is when Belushi is told about the job he has to do (go to the continental divide to interview a woman of the woods) and he responds, "I'm not goin' to the continental crack!"

Bustin' Loose
(1981)
Rating: 9 1/2 out of 10

Wacky! You gotta love it! Richard Pryor is assigned to drive some troublemakin' fun-lovin' kids cross country and the fun begins! The best part is when Pryor is being chased by some KKK guys, and boy, does he ever get out of it! The best line is when a young bus rider tells Pryor that her teddy bear has to pee-pee. Pryor responds, "Let the bear pee in your pocket!" Tee-hee! What a line!

SNAPPED

Our Wacky Look at Crazy Paparazzi

Friends from the Far East enjoy the all-American Halloween customs, too! Though the costume of choice seems to be that of the monkey, we give Tarzan Boy points for originality.

"Dear Mr. Clipson:"

April 6, 1994

M&M/Mars, Inc.
Hackettstown, N.J. 07840

Dear Snickers Manager,

As a senior citizen who has enjoyed your candy for as many years as there are Ms in a big bag of M&M's, I have never written to you before. But I deem it necessary.

Anyway, I recently took my two grandkids hiking and camping in Arizona. As you know there are many, many squirels in Arizona. One day while we were there, Mary -- that's my granddaughter -- forgot to close the tent all the way shut. She is not yet 5 so I can understand this. While we were out walking, some squirels (I don't know exactly how many there were) got into our tent and took away my Snickers Munch bar I had bought for me to eat in my chair that afternoon.

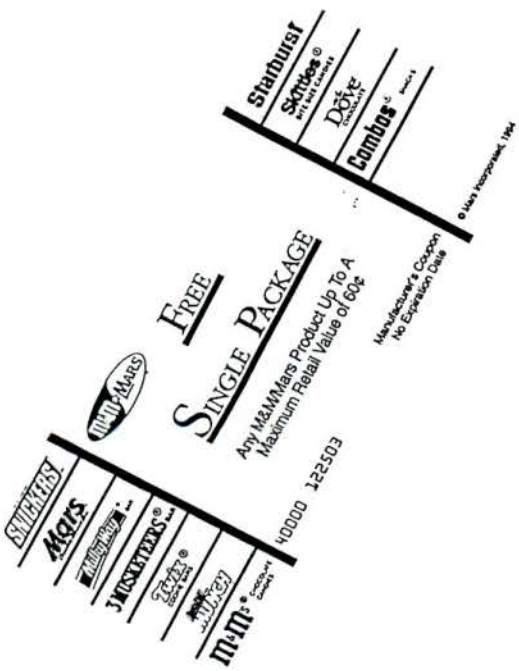
Actually they left the wrapper and just took the bar! (I can't blame them, I love the bars too!) Don't ask me how they did it, I don't know. All I know is that squirels are crafty and they took my candy bar! I saw on the wrapper that you guarantee the quality and freshness of Snickers Munch bars. I don't know if your policy covers thievery by God's little creatures, but if so I am returning the wrapper (minus the unused portion, which was taken by squirels) in hopes I might receive a replacement.

If not, I understand and guess I have learned my lesson not to leave Snickers Munch around where squirels can get to them. But if so then my address is below. Keep up the good work! Your candy bars are my favorite!

Thank you kindly,

Robert C. Clipson

Robert C. Clipson
5504 N. Tulsa
Oklahoma City, Ok. 73112



M&M/MARS

a division of Mars, Incorporated
High Street, Hackettstown, New Jersey 07840 • Telephone 908-852-1000

May 24, 1994

Mr. Robert Clipson
5504 N. Tulsa
Oklahoma City, OK 73112

Dear Mr. Clipson:

Thanks so much for your compliment about SNICKERS® MUNCH® Bar. We are pleased to hear that you, (and your little friend) enjoy our product and appreciate that you have taken the time to tell us so.

Please accept the enclosed as a replacement with the compliments of M&M/MARS. It was really nice to hear from you.

Sincerely,

Stephanie Greene

Stephanie Greene
Consumer Affairs

SLG/cl 0289692A

OFFICIAL SNACK FOOD SPONSOR WorldCupUSA94 OF THE 1994 WORLD CUP

Boldly Going Where No He-man Has Gone Before

By Rod Lott

I believe Capt. Kirk said it best: "Get a life!" William Shatner screamed, in a now-classic *Saturday Night Live* sketch. "I mean, for God's sake, it's just a TV show!"

He was right; *Star Trek* really *is* just a TV show, and a lame one at that. He was addressing the legions of fans — or Trekkies, as they're collectively known — that have seemingly devoted their lives to watching, analyzing, absorbing, cataloguing and worshipping all things *Star Trek*.

Their ardency for this late-'60s throwback and its spin-offs, movies and merchandise is at a peak today, so much that these fools with far too much spare time on their hands find it necessary to gather as a whole periodically. Trekkies call their get-togethers *Star Trek* conventions, wherein they swap items, relay trivia and dress up as their favorite characters and frighten small children.

Not even Oklahoma City is immune to this pestilent display of outcasts, as the Myriad Convention Center became home to one of these conventions for a spring weekend. Proving the "if you build it, they will come" adage to be true, the Trekkies preyed upon the Myriad grounds like crazed locusts, with a cultish zeal heretofore matched only by the Mormons.

Your typical Trekkie is either a meteorology major, a general science buff or some type of fallen-through-the-cracks personality. They frequent Supercuts, were putting together Snap-Tite™ models in no time flat at the age of two and, at some point in their lives, have blown an entire week's pay at Radio Shack. They also are not above being seen in public dressed as reptilian beings from other worlds.

By the time I arrived, I had missed the music video salute to Counselor Troi (*damn!*) and pushed my way through the dealers' room, where every imaginable *Star Trek* item could be purchased, from $40 T-shirts to posters that read, "All I need to know about life I learned from *Star Trek*" (social skills excluded). One conventioneer uttered with excitement, "Oh, I didn't see the neckties! Those are *cool!*"

One lanky dealer was explaining to prospective suckers the color differences of the Enterprise crew uniforms he had for sale. "Maroon is best for the captains," he said.

"Oh, man, that's a shame," I said, "because I look best in blue."

I slipped into the darkened auditorium where hundreds of freakish

Proud member of the Klingon Imperial Guard and eligible bachelor No. 1, Toe-chee.
(photos by Craig Szijarto)

wallflowers drooled over slides from *Star Trek: Deep Space Nine*. When the lights went up, self-proclaimed *Star Trek* research consultant Richard Arnold took questions from the audience. It must be noted that Arnold feels so confident of his expert status that he refers to Shatner simply as "Bill."

Sample questions included:

• "Did we ever get the names of the enemies in the wormholes?"

• "Getting back to Dax, what if she gets pregnant?"

• "Is it possible that any of the original crew members besides Kirk and Spock fathered any children that can appear on future episodes?"

Arnold answered every question with an equal mix of lingo and hullabaloo. To the question "Will we see Q more?," Arnold screamed, "*God*, we've seen him *twice* on *Next Gen* and *once already* on *Deep Space Nine*! Q shows are very expensive!"

Hey, Rich, *settle down*.

Said one man who had forgotten his question earlier, "On the episode 'I, Borg,' after they implemented the thoughts in his brain, there was an inkling that he knew what was going on. They never made a mention of a future episode and that seemed to me the perfect opening for another show."

Arnold agreed. Someone inquired, "Are they going to bring back Denise Crosby?" and Arnold chuckled. "She is *dead!*" he cried hysterically. "She is so dead you wouldn't believe it! They already brought her back as a half-Romulan daughter!"

An eight-toothed woman in a ragged Ozzy Osbourne T-shirt was videotaping the whole session.

Then we were treated to a music video salute to the "sexy stars of *Star Trek*," all to the tune of Right Said Fred's "I'm Too Sexy." People actually applauded at this crap. Immediately following was a salute to

"Hey, man, I'll give you my Members Only jacket for that Sulu model kit you got."

Majel Barrett Roddenberry. Other than that she's creator Gene Roddenberry's widow, I have no idea who she is; from the clips, I can only gather that she turned up on the show from time to time as an intergalactic whore.

I approached a 400-pound man dressed as a Klingon. He repeatedly announced his name was "Toe-chee."

"Toe-chee" is not married.

Two-thirty brought the start of the much-awaited sound-alike competition, in which one could "win $100 in *Star Trek* prizes by imitating the voice and/or mannerisms of any *Trek* character, actor, villain or prop!" Among the participants were a woman, two bespectacled boys in Tuffskins with long and difficult lives ahead of them and — I kid you not — a man wearing a wolf mask.

The highlight of the contest came when a cowboy said, "Beam me up, Scotty." Arnold laughed at him and said, "You know what's funny about that, don't you?" The audience, in near-unison, shouted, *"No one ever said that anywhere in the series!"* (And you thought there were a lot of zeroes in the federal deficit.)

During the audience participation discussion on the burning question, "What do *you* want to see in *Star Trek VII*?," I queried random Trekkies as to their all-time favorite *Star Trek* episode and why.

Sandy, 28, who spoke with his hands, said, "I'd have to say 'Balance of Terror,' because the Romulan commander and Capt. Kirk go back and forth and they knew what each other was going to do before they did, except for a few certain instances."

I then approached the acne-stricken Paul, also 28, who was sitting against the wall sharing popcorn with a pal. "I don't recall the exact name of the episode," Paul said shockingly, "but it's from *Next*

Generation. It's the one where Capt. Picard was hit by a probe, causing him to lose consciousness and wake in the body of someone else on another planet and he gets to live that person's entire life out on the planet. I like it because it's a concept episode and it makes you think, 'What *if* this *really* happened? *To live two lives in one lifetime?*"

By this point, Paul was salivating, so I turned to his friend Jason, 16, who said, "My favorite would be 'The Cage,' because it's one of the first ones where Capt. Kirk—"

Paul interrupted. "Capt. *Kirk?* Are you *crazy?* It was Capt. *Pike!*"

"Oh, yeah, Pike," Jason repeated.

"*Sheesh!*" Paul said, outraged at his friend's momentary lapse of reason.

Jason continued. "It was one of the first episodes where Pike actually showed his true feelings toward Klingons and other alien races he didn't like."

Having boldly gone where no heman had gone before, I decided it was *way* past time to leave, missing the auction, the salute to Data and — in person — Grace Lee Whitney (Yeoman Rand herself, whoever the hell that is).

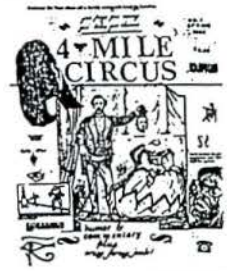
On our way out, we encountered an abdominous woman dressed as some character or another — exactly who we know not, but she wore green blush and her eyebrows had the same arc as the windows of the Coliseum. I asked her what effect Spock has had on American culture.

The woman smiled and said, "Well, *everybody* knows him. He's an honest individual who introduced the idea of thinking logically before doing something."

That's all fine and dandy, Galaxina, but it still doesn't explain the pointy ears.

During the impression contest, Wolfie scares *and* delights.

Joining The *Circus*



Zine reviews in **HITCH** always appear in the back of the issue. This spot marks a lone exception, because this guy is local and called me to say he was a fan of last issue's "Forrest Gump Crossword Puzzle."

"You pays you money, you takes you chances" is the motto of John Stone's *4 Mile Circus*, a zine full of humor and commentary, brimming with cool collage art. A good bulk of *Circus* is fiction and sermon-like rants; "Weirdo Manifesto" is an example of the latter, explaining how *Saturday Night Fever* and TV's Urkel fit into The Big Picture.

Stone also reviews books, as well as live music, whether it be a local band (Blemish) or a well-known visitor (John Zorn). Best of all are his television review column ("Too Much TV? Naw!") and "Bars I Have Known," his watering-hole-by-watering-hole guide for jaundiced youth (example: "The Bunkhouse: lesbians, country & western and karaoke. The end times are upon us!").

Stone's not afraid to speak his mind, as evidenced by the title of one essay ("Kurt Cobain Was a Jerk") or the sheer honesty of his nine-page tribute to Leonard Cohen, who we all know is the very definition of cool.

Two issues have been put out at this writing. See back page for ordering info.

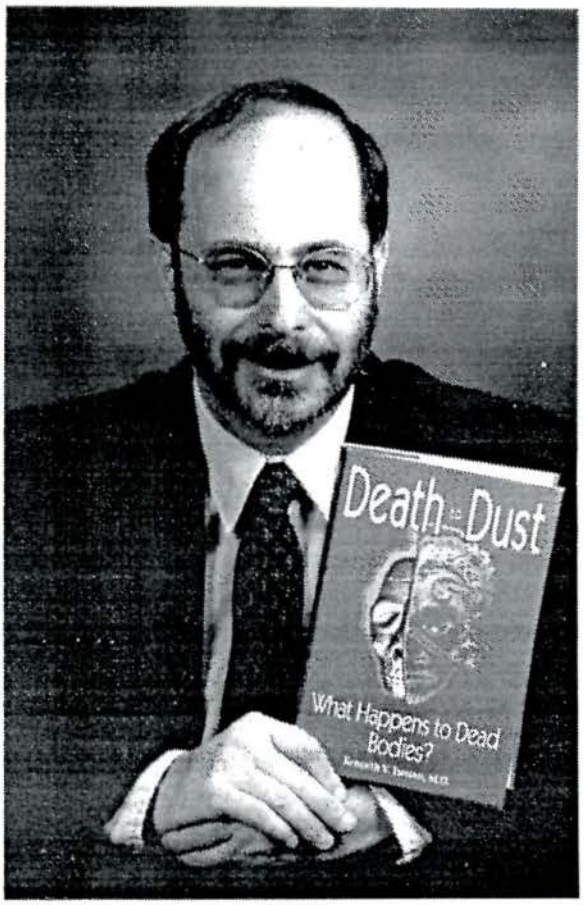
Meet Dr. Death

By Rod Lott

Everyone laughed when, in the film *National Lampoon's Vacation*, the Griswold clan, not wanting to ruin the remainder of their summertime cross-country jaunt, tied their newly dead Aunt Edna to the roof of the family truckster.

What's even funnier is that it may be true.

As legend has it, a family vacationing in Mexico did the same thing when Grandma untimely expired. Not wishing to deal with the red tape required to transfer a body between countries, they simply hoisted her up with the camping equipment and made a run for the border. Six hours into the U.S., they stopped to eat at a diner. Returning to their station wagon, they were shocked to discover their gear had been stolen: tents, bedrolls and Grandma.



Dr. Kenneth V. Iserson and tome

Aunt Edna has it easy; at least Chevy Chase left her on the back porch.

Such tales are the highlight of a new book by Dr. Kenneth V. Iserson, *Death to Dust* (Galen Press, $38.95). Subtitled "What Happens to Dead Bodies?" the book is equal parts medical textbook and history lesson, yet holds the same raw, aesthetic appeal as a dime-store paperback and B-grade horror movie.

And, yes, those are compliments. Under normal circumstances, they would not be, but any tome which reprints the complete lyrics to the playground favorite "The Worms Crawl In," comes with an after-death planner and encourages the reader to clip the organ donation cards on the book's inside flap is indeed not in the realm of the routine.

Standing at 700-plus pages, Iserson's work aims at being the definitive reference work on death, which he calls "our nation's other pornographic topic, the one we don't know as much about."

Designed for digestion by the public and medical industry alike, *Death to Dust* is arranged in a handful of chapters, each dealing with one distinct aspect of death, including autopsies, cryogenics and funeral services. Each chapter is broken down into a question-and-answer format, with headings ranging from the basic ("Who can pronounce me dead?") to the macabre ("How is a shrunken head prepared?"). Whether it's detailed descriptions of cadaver dissections to simple instructions on cremation, it's all here.

Complete and heavily documented, the book accomplishes exactly what its author set out to achieve: to create the most useful work on death known to man to educate the medical community and the lay public. As Iserson writes, "*Quincy* would have been lost without this information."

True, but luckily for the reader, it ain't all *Quincy*.

Although deadly serious (pun not intended), Iserson is intelligent enough to have written his book with a strong, flavorful style, so that anyone – doctor or not – could pick it up, read from its pages and be both entertained and educated between the smiles and the gasps which its contents are guaranteed to elicit. References are taken liberally just as much from journal articles and dry theses as they are from works of Shakespeare and Broadway musicals.

Crossover appeal was Iserson's intention all along.

"I didn't want it to be just another medical book," said Iserson, an emergency medicine physician and professor of surgery and director of the Arizona Bioethics Program at the University of Arizona Health Sciences Center in Tucson. "It had to be written. The American public and professionals had no one source to go to. The last book in English on the subject was written 118 years ago, so you can imagine how out of date that is. We've been playing with organ donation and transplantation for over 30 years

now, but everything you read about it is, honestly, pretty boring. Nobody reads it; nobody wants to read it. It has to sound interesting."

Not only is *Death to Dust* interesting, it is a fun, compulsive read. Much of this is due to the countless anecdotes interspersed amongst the straightforward facts. Whereas one's interest may be piqued upon reading that the Greeks believed in cremation out of fear their dead would be molested by enemies on the battlefield, his emotions may do a 180° turn mere pages later, recounting last year's case in Florida in which cocaine-addicted burglars accidentally inhaled the cremated remains of the homeowner's sister Gertrude.

Ever wonder why dalmations aren't the fire truck staples they used to be? Because it didn't look good for the public to see them munching on dead people at the scene, that's why. Did you know that due to a poor embalming job, one of the dead Popes started emitting gases from his body at his own funeral? Strange, but true!

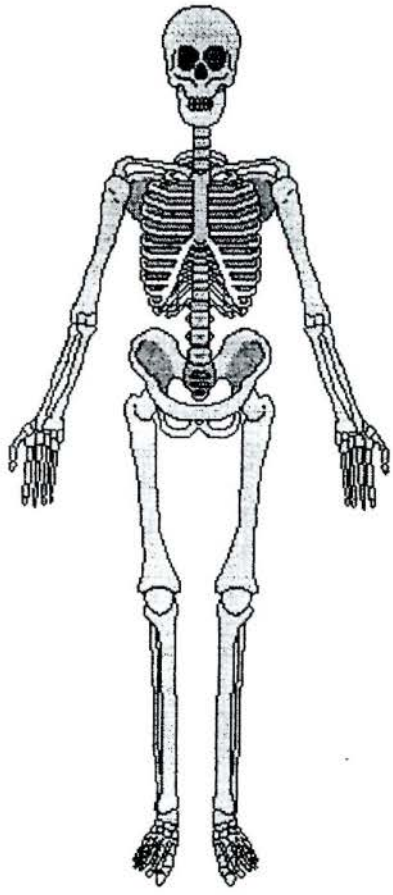
"The reason why there are so many references is because otherwise, people would think I'm making this stuff up!" Iserson said. "And the reason it's done in a Q & A format is because some people can't handle some of the material, at least not initially. This way, they can access exactly the information they want without happening upon something too uncomfortable."

He insisted nothing was too over-the-top to be included in the book, which one New York reviewer deemed "too icky" for most's eyes. All that was left out were tales which could not be verified and anything that had to deal with the afterlife.

"I did that because I don't have good answers for questions about that," he said. "I leave that to the people who've 'seen the light.' I'm very pragmatic and I deal with practical things that I can see and hear."

Response to the book has been "overwhelmingly positive," Iserson said. "I never imagine people would read it cover to cover, but I keep hearing from people who do. It's gratifying. I put a lot of 'sweat equity' into it."

He's rightly proud of his work, which he describes as "a book that defied all norms." He was told he could not produce an entertaining book with more than 2,000 references. He was told his initial printing of 10,000 copies – lofty even by large publishers' standards and unheard of for a book of this nature –



was ridiculous. He proved them wrong. Critical response has been more than kind and *Death to Dust* is now in its second printing, with 20,000 copies published.

Surprisingly, he has received no hate mail from the book, even though the chapter on funeral directors consists primarily of information the funeral industry did not want the public to know.

"They said the public shouldn't be aware of it, and tried to hide it," he said. "Luckily, other people within the funeral industry thought the opposite and told me what I needed to know."

One reason Iserson undertook *Death to Dust* – written in just two years' time – was because he believes people react to dead bodies in "a strange way that's almost funny."

"If the dead could come back and watch people's reactions, they'd think it would be hysterical," he commented. "It's almost ridiculous at times, and it happens all across the world. Every culture thinks the way they treat the dead is the norm, (and from this nation's commonplace practice of embalming and funeral services) the rest of the world thinks Americans are obsessed with death." Which is not too far off the mark, given that America's funeral industry does $7 billion in business annually.

Ultimately, the book drives home the point that death is as certain as birth and taxes, and nobody should fear it. Iserson strips away so many of the myths and falsehoods often associated with it that the message is absorbed in a calming manner.

"I'm not afraid of death," he said. "Not at all. Until we comes to terms with the fact that we're all going to die sometime, we can't live well. You can't be afraid of what's guaranteed to happen. As a physician who tries to stave it off, if we could eliminate it, great, but it's a biological fact that just is, and we must come to accept that."

Copies of Death to Dust: What Happens to Dead Bodies? *may be ordered through your local bookstore or from Galen Press by calling (602) 577-8363.*

Joyce Brothers: Doctor...Starlet

By Rod Lott

Psychologist Dr. Joyce Brothers is known and beloved by Americans for her daily syndicated King Features column and frequent chat-show appearances.

As she dishes out her special brand of pop psychology ("If she happens to reek of garlic, or you happen to have a headache, you should be able to talk about this with the knowledge that it can't threaten the love you feel for each other.") answering questions from the nation's lovelorn, stressed-out and just plain whacked, we can tell the woman's got savvy and plenty of smarts, and she ain't afraid to use 'em. She is also — comparatively speaking, of course, to other female columnists like those old bags Ann Landers and Abagail Van Buren, or that unfunny whiner Erma Bombeck — one hot tomato.

So why isn't she a star yet?

God only knows; she's certainly been trying. Although her film appearances have been sparse, her cinematic presence is undeniable. Sometimes she plays herself, sometimes she doesn't. All of her roles are cameos, but she is poised to take Hollywood by storm any day now in order to become the geriatric Sigourney Weaver. (Or, at the very least, a slightly less wrinkled Karen Black.)

Skipping over her made-for-TV movies — *For Love of Angela* and *More Wild Wild West* — which obviously suck and don't count because they're made-for-TV, here now is an overview of the filmography of Dr. Joyce Brothers — Tinseltown's best-kept secret:

Oh God! Book II
(1980)

Joyce makes an appearance on a TV as who she really is — a camera-friendly shrink — in this gut-wrenchingly charming sequel about a little girl who befriends God, as played by George Burns, which is actually one of my personal visions of Hell.

Or, on second thought, was she in the first one with John "Grape-Nuts" Denver? I don't know; I haven't seen these movies since the '70s and I don't ever want to have to see them again, not even for Joyce, and this especially includes the 1984 final chapter *Oh God! You Devil.*

(*Editor's Note:* Two days after I wrote this, *Book II* conveniently turned up on Flix, but I didn't dare watch it for fear of being disturbed by the image of a cigar-smoking Supreme Being. Furthermore, I'm not even sure Joyce was in the series at all. Could I be confusing her with Suzanne Pleshette? Believe me, if you've ever seen Joyce fill a sweater, it's not hard to do — va-va-va-*voom!*)

The Lonely Guy
(1984)

A Steve Martin vehicle about a...well, a lonely guy, Joyce shows up as...I don't know. Herself, maybe? I haven't seen this in years. I've got a copy on tape somewhere, but not the energy to dig it out of the closet to check. (Journalism, schmernalism!) Anyway, another Steve — Steve Lawrence, that is — is in this movie, too, and I've always thought Joyce and Lawrence have enjoyed a certain special something and that she may be able to provide Steve with something Edie just can't.

I dunno, maybe it's me.

Love at Stake
(1987)

In this Salem witch trial parody starring Kelly Preston, Bud Cort, Dave Thomas and Barbara Carrera, Joyce portrays a defense witness who gets branded a heretic, according to our old friend Leonard Maltin.

Although I haven't seen this one, I'm sure Joyce is the only thing interesting in it, because (a) she's Joyce by god! and (b) it's one of the few Kelly Preston films in which Mrs. Travolta does not disrobe.

The Naked Gun: From the Files of Police Squad!
(1988)

In the famous baseball scene in which Leslie Nielsen disguises himself as an opera singer and an umpire because Reggie Jackson must kill the queen, the game announcers for the day are...er, announced, as Curt Gowdy says, "Hello, everybody. I'm Curt Gowdy, along with Jim Palmer, Tim McCarver, Dick Vitale, Mel

Allen, Dick Enberg and Dr. Joyce Brothers."

Without ever speaking a single word, we get a complete sense of her character: her motivation, her pathos, all expressed in a medium other than speech. *That's acting*. Holly Hunter swiped Joyce's method a scant five years later and won a Best Actress Oscar for *The Piano*.

Joyce, my love, you wuz robbed.

Age Isn't Everything (1991)

I haven't seen this straight-to-video offering starring a post-*Caddyshack II* yet pre-*Weekend at Bernie's II* Jonathan Silverman in which he grows overnight to be older than withered co-stars Robert Prosky, Paul Sorvino, Rita Moreno and Bella Abzug. Thus, I know not Lady Joyce's degree of participation, nor can I effectively judge her performance. I can, however, say this: I hope she doesn't have a love scene with Prosky, not because I'd be disgusted by the sight of two Social Security-aged folks rolling 'round in bed, but because she's *mine*, dammit! All *mine*.

National Lampoon's Loaded Weapon 1 (1993)

Joyce's *tour de force*, however, is in this hit comedy from last year, surprisingly enough a *Naked Gun* ripoff. Her screen time even comes early in the film, following Whoopi Goldberg's murder (*yea!*)

As the coroner, her conversation with cop Samuel L. Jackson proceeds thusly:

Jackson: "What are we looking at here, doc?"

Brothers: "The worst-dressed stiff I've ever seen."

Jackson: "This stiff and I pounded a beat together for five years, so show some respect."

Brothers: "I'm sorry, Wes. You know, I see so much of this senseless mayhem, sometimes I get a little insensitive....Alright, this loser has taken the chicken-shit way out and punched a round ticket."

This marks Joyce's brave foray into real, honest-to-goodness acting — the gritty kind that gets under your skin and festers to a big, pus-filled boil. All because she cussed.

Contrast her line of profanity with this excerpt from a June installment of her column: "There are some words that are inappropriate to use in front of certain people and at certain times. While curse words are a way of attempting to cope, a creative indivdual can find more constructive ways to improve a bad situation."

Wow. The lady's not afraid to take chances, even if it means contradicting her own personal beliefs. Now *them's* balls.

Ladies and gentleman of the Academy, I give you...*Joyce*.

Recent Parts Dr. Joyce Could Have Played ...And Better

- Emma Thompson, *The Remains of the Day*
- Erika Eleniak, *Under Siege*
- Jason James Richter, *Free Willy*
- Sandra Bullock, *Speed*
- the nun, *Bad Lieutenant*

Deconstructing Mentos

By Rod Lott

Young, hip viewers of cable television watch primarily young, hip cable stations — E!, Comedy Central, the Sci-Fi Channel, et al. Hoping to reach these dollar-driven teens, a candy company has been bombarding their airwaves with commercials featuring young, hip protagonists, all set to a young, hip pop-music beat. Yet they're selling much more than confectioneries.

With Mentos, the young, hip pasty mints, a world that is full of rebellion and free sex is a world that is good. By watching any of the Mentos ads, one cannot deny the subliminal messages inherent in the cleverly staged visuals. Even the announcer's voice hints at a Dutch accent, linking him to a country known for its animal instincts. By watching many of them, certain factors begin to rear their heads throughout; for instance, *two* Mentos mints are always consumed by the protagonist, one prior to and one immediately following the climax of the spot. Thus, a Mentos mint acts not only as the aphrodisiac, but also the post-coital cigarette.

Though there are many other ads which all prove the same, here are perhaps three of the most blatant.

THE MALL

1. Mischievous blonde-haired boy protagonist cavorts about the local shopping mall with his gang of unruly friends, no doubt up to little, if any, good. Their exuberant, devil-may-care demeanor leads viewer to believe they have just completed a satisfying lunch at Hot Dog on a Stick and probably are en route to the arcade to push third-graders around.

2. Boy is distracted by sight of his mother / aunt / grandmother in the mall, wielding an umbrella. This suggests her years of unrelenting physical and mental abuse on the boy has provoked a visceral fear within him.

3. Popping a Mentos in his mouth, he runs to hide from this matronly figure of authority. He succeeds by posing amongst mannequins, which she bypasses. His choice of disguises suggests both a confusion of adolescent sexual identity and frozen familial emotions. As she leaves, he pops another Mentos.

4. As woman descends escalator, boy reveals his presence to her with a wicked smile and by flashing his roll of Mentos at the woman in a forthright — and rather threatening — manner, as if it were a phallus, or at least an extension thereof. This

gesture not only conveys an attitude of "Look here, you ungrateful bitch: I evaded you with the help of *these* pasty mints," but also a stern, rebellious "Fuck you!" and furthermore, "Fuck you with Mentos!"

5. Woman offers a look of surrender, admitting defeat, at least this time around. Pals pat boy on the back to show their support, for telling one's parents to fuck off in public is cool.

THE INTERSECTION

1. Mischievous blonde-haired boy protagonist cavorts outside the town one sunny day with his gang of unruly friends, no doubt up to little, if any, good. Their carefree, joyous expressions lead viewer to believe they have just harassed some old people exiting the corner market.

2. Boy is prevented from crossing the busy street — unlike his pals — by bumper-to-bumper traffic stopped at the light. His friends egg him on from the opposite side of the street. Apparently rushed for time and visibly flustered, the boy contemplates his predicament. Should he risk life and limb, or wait for the "walk" signal like responsible citizens? This marked indecision suggests a lost adolescent soul, eager to please his classmates, even if it translates into eschewing time-honored social morays.

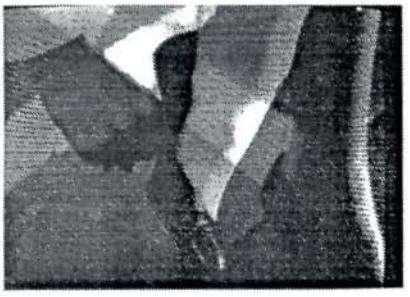
3. Popping a Mentos in his mouth, he embarks on his brave sojourn across bustling traffic, making the journey by cutting through a man's expensive town car as a short cut, thus conveying the boy's distaste for the capitalist class system.

4. Rich man in car on cellular phone is surprised at the abrupt violation of his personal space and property. Boy pops another Mentos and responds with a wicked smile and by flashing his roll of Mentos at the man in a vindictive, "I showed you" manner, as if it were a switchblade.

5. Rich man in car laughs, because as a youth, he, too, knew the power and joy of Mentos. Pals smile to show their support, for standing up to The Man is totally bitchin'. The man's "oh, for fun" temperament, does not falter, despite the fact that, unbeknownst to him, the teens will follow him home, only to return late that night to kill him.

Mentos: The Song

(jauntily)
Doobie do doo / Do be do waaahhh
It doesn't matter what comes / Fresh goes better with life
And Mentos is fresh and full of life
Nothing gets to you / Staying fresh, staying cool
With Mentos fresh and full of life
Fresh goes better / (Mentos freshness)
Fresh goes better / With Mentos fresh and full of life
(spoken)
Mentos: The freshmaker!



THE SIDEWALK CAFE

1. Mischievous blonde-haired girl protagonist, on the streets of downtown one sunny day, gives her "girlfriend" (read: lover) a good-bye hug. Their lighthearted, happy-go-lucky dispositions lead viewer to believe they have just enjoyed a mid-afternoon tryst.

2. Girl is kept from walking very far, however, when one of the heels of her shoes breaks in front of a sidewalk cafe, much to the delight of a young, yuppie-type man enjoying a meal.

3. Popping a Mentos in her mouth, she sits to yank off the heels of both shoes, an obvious castration fantasy suppressed of years of sexual abuse by her father.

4. Yuppie man is amused, yet oddly intrigued, by the girl's defiance at fashion in a world driven by vanity. Girl pops another Mentos and flashes her roll of Mentos at the man in a seductive, "Come get me" manner, as if showing what she would do should the two entwine.

5. Her action — an outright phallic one — will prove ironic, for when the two do meet offscreen later that night, he will find out that she is not a she after all, but one, like he, who possesses a penis. She, too – albeit in a method markedly different from those employed in previous advertisements — will stick it to The Man.

Advertise in HITCH? Me?

Yeah, you. It's cheap and easy, and we could use the money, in order to keep bringing you this neat stuff.

Full page...$50
Half page...$25
Quarter page...$15
Business card...$5
Classified ads...$5 / 20 words
$.10 / additional word

CDs That Scare Me

By Rod Lott

Sass Jordan
Racine
(Impact/MCA)

Hello, America. I'd like to introduce you to Sass Jordan. Her album is titled *Racine*, which is French for "roots," which is appropriate here because roots are what you grab when you want to yank an unwanted weed from your yard.

Sass Jordan describes herself as "barefoot 'n' ballsy." In her press kit, Sass sasses, "Hey dudes, my name is Sass, don't fuck with me." That's right; she's a modern woman. *Sass*. Rhymes with "ass."

As she screams on "Where There's a Will," *"You've been holding up your banner / Sayin' who's the master planner / Who's the cat that got me in this hole / Everytime you wish for something / You have to set the wheels to running / Hold on tight cos it's the ride you chose."*

Huh? Say *what*, Sass?

Perhaps I'm not man enough as Sass to understand where she's coming from. She's a long, blonde-haired headbanger, you see, who names the lead singer of Bad Company as her primary influence. That's how I would peg her, but her press release does an even better job: "Sass Jordan's a straight talker with a salty vocabulary, the generous, messianic soul of a rocker and the leather-lunged, raspy voice of someone who's smoked too many cigarettes and stayed up too many late nights." (Funny, I thought it was the job of PR hacks to *entice* people to like their bands.) Thus, take out her name and visions of Keith Richards would be dancing in my head. The obvious difference is that Keith, of course, is only one-fifth of a talented band, whereas Sass has chosen to suck, and on her own.

This rockin' woman sucks at spelling, too. Consider the lyrics of her song "Do What Ya Want": *"And baby if you take the 'D' out of doubt / What you get is 'out.'"*

Well, actually, Sass, you *don't*. You get 'oubt," and neither I nor Noah Webster has the slightest clue what 'oubt' is or means. The closest thing I could find was the word 'oubliette,' and that's defined as a dungeon with an opening only at the top, and that's where you should be placed after being tried and convicted for your crimes against the music industry, young missy.

Of course, phonics doesn't stop Sass from relishing in her oh-so-clever wordplay: *"Time to jump and shout / Take the 'D' off doubt / And you can leave it as you walk on out."*

Sass co-wrote all the songs herself, and it shows. Take "Goin' Back Again," for instance: *"They say my home in the land of snow is nice / Let me tell you what it's like."* (Oh, yes, Sass, please do!) *"It's eleven months of winter baby and / Just one month of pretty thin ice."*

Sass sizes up her musical philosophy by saying, "I wouldn't go so far as to think I'm making a difference in people's lives. I'm just there to give 'em a little nudge, make sure they remember what they already know."

I couldn't agree more, Sass. I know you suck, and I doubt that's something I'll need help remembering, much less ever forget. I rightfully give you credit, however, for including your address in the liner notes so the general public will know where to send those letter-bombs.

Simply Sass.

Out of gas: J.D., Miles, Mark and Joey. (Mark looks like James from *Twin Peaks*.)

Big Car
Normal
(Giant/Reprise)

Austin-based band Big Car debuted with an album entitled *Normal*.

If I were the head of the record company, I would have made them change it to *Retarded*.

The first song, "Not the Tunnel of Love," opens with a funky, Chili Peppers-esque beat. An otherwise passable melody is degenerated into teenage trash by lyrics like *"Not the tunnel of love / Not the tunnel of love / But it's my home / Cuz I ain't got one."* And this is the best song of the ten on the album.

In the world of Big Car, lead singer / guitarist Miles Zuniga would be the driver (but only with a permit), guitarist Mark Schulz would sit shotgun, drummer Joey Shuffield would control the cooler and scout for cops and bassist J.D. Groves would be the guy who sits in the back seat moping all the time about how he's forced by the others to pump the gas.

These guys wanna rock, dammit. And they do at the beginning of "Venus," but only because it's swiped directed from the Pixies' "La La Love You." Their lame excuse for an anthem, "Shut Up," also opens suspiciously, *a la* "Monkey Gone to Heaven," another Pixies number.

All too often, Big Car gives itself too much credit and sing sappy power-ballads that would make any Top 40 station proud. With lines as typical as *"And now you take your love away / But it's just another day,"* it's like Firehouse all over again!

Just how seriously are we supposed to take a band that gives us a song called "Mad at the World" and fills it with tired, boring, far-from-angry phrasings such as, *"In this world, everyone has their ups and downs / Don't let it get you down!"*

But wait! It gets worse.

Take for example, the song "Cats," in which Zuniga cries, *"Forget about Romeo / Forget about Juliet / Cuz I ain't no Montague / And you ain't no Capulet!"* He actually says this; *no kidding*. And then he goes on — predictably enough — to compare himself to a cat. T*hey both have nine lives, you see!*

Most every song seems to carry the same message: *We'll get by, baby*.

Big Car fares better on the cuts when the tempo is accelerated, but when they slow it down, you can taste the sugar and hear the teenage girls swooning — shades of Bryan Adams!

In fact, much like Adams' *Robin Hood* plug, I would recommend *Normal* for essential summertime listening. It's perfect material for playing in the car stereo at really, *really* high volumes to piss off other drivers — a favorite motoring pastime of mine, ranking second only to chunking grapes left of center.

Normal closes with a song wishfully titled "Easy St." Yeah, with luck and a prayer, pink boys.

Big Car's *Normal* was produced by Dennis Herring. *Thanks, Dennis!*

Waterlilies
Envoluptuousity
(Sire)

I wanna be a Waterlily.

You see, *Envoluptuousity*, the first-ever album by the Waterlilies is 36 minutes and 15 seconds of techno-dance pop, something we just don't hear enough of these days.

The Waterlilies are multi-instrumentalist / synth master Ray Carroll and vocalist / general mood-setter Sandra Jill Alikas. After hearing their stunning debut, I've come to the conclusion that I'm being called; I must drop out of society to become the prestigious third Waterlily.

I wanna be part of their never-ending parade of sunshine. Sandra has entranced me with her haunting vocals, even though they're barely comprehensible.

Yes, I know, that gimmick's been Enya-ed to death, but Sandra seems to make it seems *so utterly fresh* when breathing lines like, *"I know I only want to lie with you / Pressing me up, I'm up against a wall / But I'm feeling the pain."*

I wanna embark on their noble quest of bubble-gum joy. Boy, that Ray sure knows how to play a drum...or at least push a button that emits a drum-like sound. Give me more of that bass-heavy backbeat, Ray, so the neighbors can hear it, too. I want *more*. I wanna pump up the jam, dammit!

And if I were a Waterlily, I could do just that, all the live long day! I suppose my interview with my prospective employers would consist of questions culled from their song "Nether Nether": *"Can you find your place in this lovely, lovely world? / Can you lick your plate in this world? / Can you laugh and face in a world of rubber dolls?"*

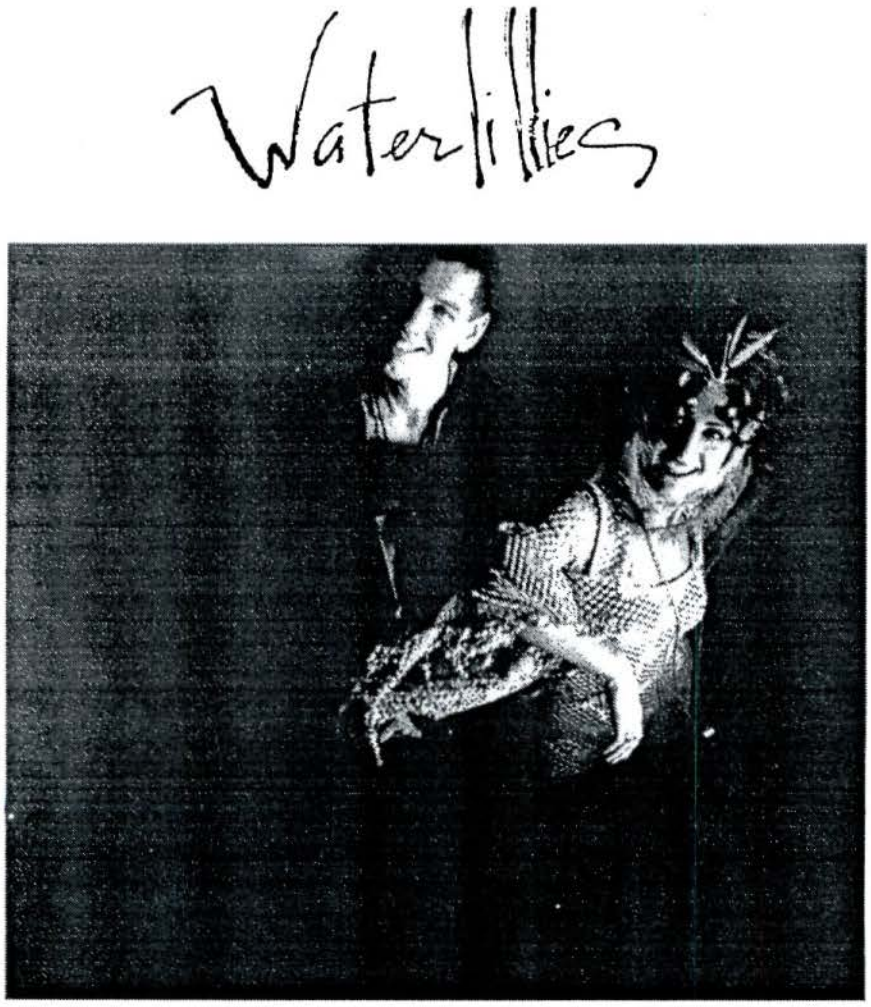
"Yes! *Yes!* ***Yes!***" I would answer, and Waterlilydom would be mine! My initiation would consist of non-violently abducting Tipper Gore and taking her to a secluded area of Pine Bluff, Arkansas, where I would read her the lyrics of the single "Sunshine Like You" in an earnest, hey-Tipper-honey-*I-care* voice: *"Could you stay / Sign a picture / I'd do anything to please / I'd tear off each limb and love you limblessly / So pick me, debud me, before this flower fades / And save me from this melodrama sung from center stage."*

Although Tipper may be at first turned off by the *Boxing Helena* aspects of our tryst, I'd think she'd soon come around and submit to the power that is the Waterlilies.

After that, maybe Sand (as I could now call her, being a full-fledged Waterlily) and Ray would let me hang with them and write songs! To be allowed to pen lines like, *"Hip to, hip to, hip to my heart / Hip to, hip to, hip to my way / Hip to, hip to, hip to my heart"* and use the endearing term "honey pie" excessively...that's the life for me. Man oh man, how I wanna be a Waterlily.

We'd travel the globe in a glorious pilgrimage of dream-like fancies, eating Bethcakes and celebrating all things shiny. And we'd sing "Mermaid Song" over and over again, with an extra-special *hap-hap-happy* emphasis on the part the goes, *"Swimming the blue / Oh, what a vocation."*

Yes, Sand and Ray. What a vocation indeed.



My future employers.

Supposedly these are all girls.

Boy Krazy
Boy Krazy
(London)

It's the end of the world as we know it. A girl group named Boy Krazy has released its self-titled debut and I kould kare less. It's komplete krap.

For the fortunate readers who are unfamiliar with Boy Krazy, the group is made up of four women, ranging in the age from 17 to the early 20s, all of whom kneel and worship at the temple of collagen. Individually, they're Kimberly, Johnna, Josselyne and Ruth Ann. Two of them look like guys.

Ruth Ann is a former Miss Junior America and Johnna was recently in a production of *The Music Man*, so it's only natural for these gals to combine their talents and unleash an album on the unsuspecting American masses. As if the recession wasn't already enough.

Explains Josselyne for the merging, "There are so many weird connections between us. Like, Kimberly and I had the same accompanist, and Ruth Ann used to audition at the casting offices where my mother worked." Like, wow.

As a collective whole, Boy Krazy belts out — or rather, bleats — little R&B hip-hop tunes. They sound like Expose meets...well, Expose. And like that all-but-dead girl group of the '80s, Boy Krazy's songs are completely indistinguishable from one another, and the song titles — dreadful though each of them may be in their own little way (i.e. "Love Is a Freaky Thing") — are interchangeable.

These girls couldn't sing their way out of a world's worst singer contest. Their voices could kill weaker puppies. Who do *I* have to sleep with to get a record deal?

The album's first track and single, "That's What Love Can Do," damn near has the potential to drive its listeners to suicide with lyrics like, *"All I can say is that / I'm looking no further ahead than today / Too young for this game / On the road to forever / We don't know the way"* tend to do that to you.

In "Different Class," they squeal, *"You've gotta be heaven-made / You put all the others in the shade / Even a fool could see / Baby, you play in a higher league."* I strongly believe first-graders are writing better poetry.

The topper is a horrific ditty titled "Good Times with Bad Boys." The words go a little something like this: *"Good times with bad, bad boys / They live it up and get down easy / Good times with bad, bad boys / That's what I want / That's what I'm needing."*

What a socially responsible battle cry. Sluts of the world unite.

Boy Krazy's *Boy Krazy* (titled as such so the group's members wouldn't have to memorize another name) is an album to avoid as if your life depended on it. Because, quite frankly, it does. This is *not* music. This is a textbook example of shameless marketing. This is the worst album ever. Run from it, dear friends, and run far.

Bette Midler's Career Goes Hocus Pocus

By Rod Lott

The quick-to-die failure of Walt Disney Pictures' dismal, pathetically inane and so-stupid-it's-insulting of last summer's *Hocus Pocus* raises a *very* interesting question: *Just what in the hell has gotten into Bette Midler?*

Nearly 10 years ago, the name Bette Midler was an altogether forgotten one, having fallen out of public favor by starring in films like *Jinxed!*, which she has had permanently removed from her resume. Any mention of her moniker conjured up disturbing images of fat mermaids in wheelchairs, and little else. Such thoughts inhabited many an American's nightmare.

Then, in 1985, something miraculous happened, in the form of Paul Mazursky's droll little satire on L.A. life, *Down and Out in Beverly Hills*. With a critical and box office comedy smash, the impossible had occurred and Bette's career was in full swing once again, as were those of co-stars and fellow former has-beens Nick Nolte and Richard Dreyfuss.

Choosing to stay with Disney's then-hot Touchstone Pictures arm (in its pre-*3 Ninjas* and *My Father, the Hero* period), she made the forgettable but nonetheless profitable *Outrageous Fortune* with *Cheers* refugee Shelley Long, and hit a bullseye with the Zucker-Abrahams-Zucker smash *Ruthless People*, her funniest and best film yet (and probably ever).

Then came the lukewarm *Big Business* and the dripping-with-NutraSweet *Beaches*, moneymakers both.

After that, everything just went to hell again.

In 1988, the self-proclaimed "Divine Miss M" began to make some *serious* missteps, as opposed to just semi-serious ones. The titles attached to these blunders were *Stella*, a saccharine drama so poorly acted it played like a comedy, and *Scenes from a Mall*, a brief comedy so unfunny it played like a documentary on genocide.

Kathy Najimy, Sarah Jessica Parker and Bette Midler surround young Thora Birch and force her to watch *Stella*. Birch is frightened beyond her years.

And in 1991, the world was blessed with a dreadful, overblown "epic" called *For the Boys*, in which Bette played a USO performer and wore makeup that was supposed to make her look elderly, but instead ended up making her look like an elephant standing on its hind legs. She *actually* received an Oscar nomination for this utter, self-glorifying, last-nail-in-the-coffin abomination, but I'm sure it was done out of sympathy and nothing else. (I mean, there weren't many contenders for Best Actress that year, and they couldn't *really* nominate Maria Conchita Alonso's bravura turn in *Predator 2*, could they?)

Bette's taken some time off since, embarrassing herself in a non-visual manner by churning out Muzak-friendly songs that she didn't even write. Although I've never been a Bette Midler fan, I hoped her extended vacation would prompt her to look inward and re-examine what made her a star the second time around: playing whiny, sexually frustrated, overweight women.

Not slightly aged yuppies. *Not* bleeding-heart moms. And most certainly *not* partners to Jimmy Caan, which could result in shiners, anyway. All of those require a discernible amount of talent, which Bette hasn't displayed in seven years. Bette got popular again because she was ballsy and ballistic around a time that the strongest parts for women simmered down to the level of Lesley Ann Warren in *Clue: The Movie*.

Therefore, Bette should know better not to get into vehicles that make her out to be someone she's not. But alas, her recent roles were that of a poor wretch in the made-for-TV *Gypsy* and a beloved American institution in the next-to-last episode of Johnny Carson's *The Tonight Show*.

Which brings us to *Hocus Pocus*. In this analysis of Bette's further careening downfall, we can't neglect her latest career-killer, although all of the nation would like to.

In this family film, Bette "plays" an ugly, pounds-a-rollin' witch named Winifred. The only stretch here is that she portrays someone with the name Winifred.

As if the title didn't suggest it, the film is about wacky, fun-lovin' witches who are, as the PR hacks at Disney so endearingly put it, "in for a Halloween treat they'll never forget." (*Oh, do stop!*)

Bette unwisely resurrects her hideous *For the Boys* cosmetic scheme to appear as a 300-year-old witch, with hair so big she looks like a bloated tomato.

Bette is supported, although understandably not literally, by Sarah Jessica Parker (sans her *Striking Distance* dyke-do) and *Sister Act*'s Kathy Najimy, perhaps the most annoying and untalented personality this side of Rosie O'Donnell.

So, to sum up: *Hocus Pocus*. From the producer of *Child's Play 3*. Co-starring Kathy Najimy. "Written" by the creator of the kiddie merchandising machine Rose Petal Place. Co-starring Kathy Najimy. Also co-written by the director of *The Bodyguard*. Co-starring Kathy Najimy, who is very, very fat. Directed by that guy who should have been publicly executed for doing *Newsies*. And did I mention Kathy Najimy is in it, too?

Need I say more?...Okay.

Bette Midler: Get an occupation. Hocus pocus, make ya disappear. Poof.

Bette seriously contemplates Kathy's offer to eat her.

Bette without makeup.

The Summer of My DISCONTENT

By Rod Lott

Despite record earnings at the box office, 1994 must go down as one of the weakest summers Hollywood had to offer. It seems like every critic was in agreement about what was good (*Forrest Gump, Speed, The Mask, The Crow, Clear and Present Danger*) and about what sucked (see below). I think the best movie I saw all summer was Barcelona, which has made 65 times less than *The Lion King*.

The Lion King

I will admit this up front: I have not seen this movie. And I don't want too. Critics gushed in 1989 over *The Little Mermaid*. I didn't get it. Ditto *Beauty and the Beast*. I don't see the appeal. I had no desire to sit through *Aladdin*, mostly because Robin Williams was involved and allowed to go crazy, secondly because *Aladdin* is just like it predecessors: the same type of story woven loosely around a new set of similar sounding songs all written by the same guy. Youthful character encounters conflict, a song is sung, inanimate objects prance about, all is happy. That's the Disney forumla that too many Americans are falling for. *Wake up, dammit!*

The Lion King is no different! Critics weren't as kind to this one as they were the previous efforts, because they're over their initial excitement that animation is back and realizing that this stuff is junk. Unlike what some say, this stuff is not art. It's all about greed, and Disney proved it by yanking this one out of theaters in September, only so they could rerelease it in November, not only to make it an "event" and grab more money, but to attempt to quash another animated film opening at that time, New Line's *The Swan Princess*, which is garnering some good buzz.

Disney is all about mass-marketing and force-feeding the public. A spoonful of sugar makes the medicine go down, but they're feeding the whole country Prozac. I won't deny the fact the animation looks good, but the way a film looks is not reason enough to see it (*The Shadow* is a good example of this rule).

All the Disney songs suck, too. They're awful, yet they always take up a few of the slots of the Oscars' Best Song category and always win. Watch with no surprise whatsoever come March when Elton John wins one either for his utterly dull "Can You Feel the Love Tonight?" or the utterly soulless "Circle of Life."

(By the way, as further proof of Disney's greed: Early in the summer, before *Lion King*'s release, at the funeral of Disney despot Frank Price, they had a choir sing "Circle of Life," which was shown on all the TV spots I saw about the story. Now *that* is tacky. I can picture Eisner now: "Gee, Frank's dead and all, but I see it as an opportunity to plug our first single.")

Please, America, listen and take heed: This is a vicious cycle that will not stop unless you help. Let's start by poaching *The Lion King*. If you have not seen this movie, don't when it's rereleased! Send Disney the message that no matter how hard they try, their animated features aren't going to cover up for their live-action sins. They're all about money; don't give 'em anymore. Michael Eisner makes a nine-figure annual salary. What do *you* make?

The Flintstones

I have never wanted to walk out on a movie so bad before than I did during *The Flintstones*. This had to

be the most shameless, crass, insipid piece of marketing ever put out by Tinseltown. Let's set the record straight: When you come right down to it, *The Flintstones* was *not* really a movie. It was an ad.

John Goodman is not Fred Flintstone. It seemed like Rick Moranis had 12 minutes' screen time. Rosie O'Donnell is just too damn big to be Betty. Endless rock puns are not funny. Bamm-Bamm looked even trashier than the kid from *The Client*. Pebbles looked far too much like one of the Olsen twins. Steven Spielberg should give at least one of his Oscars back for claiming responsibility. The 32 writers who collaborated on this script came up with about .0625 jokes a piece. (I counted.)

And I *hate* Elizabeth Taylor.

What were Elizabeth Perkins and Kyle Maclachlan doing in this? At least they were in a hit. I always thought Wilma was much sexier than Betty anway, and this flick is living proof.

The Shadow

The Shadow knows...absolutely nothing. If it did, it would realize that it, too, bit down hard.

Even though the whole thing was a confusing, bloated mess, it played like a comedy. The funniest parts were where Alec Baldwin would cloud men's minds, when the lighting shaded his face and we heard via voice-over: "The Shadow poses no harm....You will remember nothing about this conversation."

If only he did the same to the audience, I wouldn't have such horrible memories about this film. I'd put it *maybe* an inch above *The Flintstones*, but it's still one of the 10 worst movies I've ever seen.

A close second in hammiest moments: Alec trying to play an Asian warrior, but anyone who lets both *The Fugitive* and the *Red October* sequels go deserves such punishment, though.

Russell Mulcahy of the stupid *The Real McCoy* and the totally stupid *Highlander* flicks proved he cannot direct. Please, studios, I beg you: Do not give this man another job.

By the way, Penelope Ann Miller acts as well as Mulcahy handles narrative (or Christopher Lambert, for that matter). What the hell was this movie about, anyway?

The Client

I didn't see *The Client*, but then again, I didn't have to: I saw the trailer about seven times. Right now, I am opposed to anything Grisham.

I did see *The Firm*, but only on video, and liked it, but it's not something I'd want to see again. I refused to see *The Pelican Brief* because I hate Julia Roberts and it just looked like the pinnacle of non-excitement, anyway.

As did *The Client*. Do we really need to see yet another movie in which Tommy Lee Jones is bad and does an accent? I think they should have found a kid who can act, too. The only reason he came off so well as a redneck is because, in real life, he *is* a redneck.

Angels in the Outfield
Little Big League

No need really to make a distinction between the two; both involved kids and the idea that baseball is a form of salvation.

Yeah, right, and *Outfield* will propel Tony Danza into bigger and better roles.

Wolf

Woof.

I Love Trouble

And I hate Julia Roberts. But I already said that.

Renaissance Man

Danny DeVito's career is over...*now!*

The Cowboy Way

Woody Harrelson *and* Kiefer Sutherland as city-bound cowboys? How can I saddle up for such insanity?

Baby's Day Out

Now that John Hughes has exhausted every imaginable application of the *Home Alone* formula, can he go back to making movies the

Bruce Willis performs an emergency tracheotomy.

way he used to (i.e. original and funny)?

North

Went South.

Andre
Lassie
Black Beauty

Respectively, an aquatic *Monkey Trouble*, *Monkey Trouble* with fleas and *Monkey Trouble* by way of *Masterpiece Theatre*.

Blankman

No title proved more applicable, did it?

In the Army Now

Pauly Shore being all that he can be, which is, at best, a total no-talent annoyance.

The Boys of Summer
(Losers Edition)

Jonathan Winters

Are there any existing laws we can use to try and convict him for appearing in both *The Flintstones* and *The Shadow*?

And if not, can we write our local Congressmen and encourage them to enact some?

Christopher Lloyd

First, a wacky angel in Disney's *Angels in the Outfield*. Next, a wacky counselor in Disney's *Camp Nowhere*. Two clear examples of why not to sign a contract with Disney. The guy needs a *Back to the Future IV*, which ain't comin'.

Bruce Willis' weenie

Clipped from *Color of Night*, we can't help but watch Bruce's *North* scenes chomping on a carrot and make some sort of subconscious connection.

Getting Even with Dad

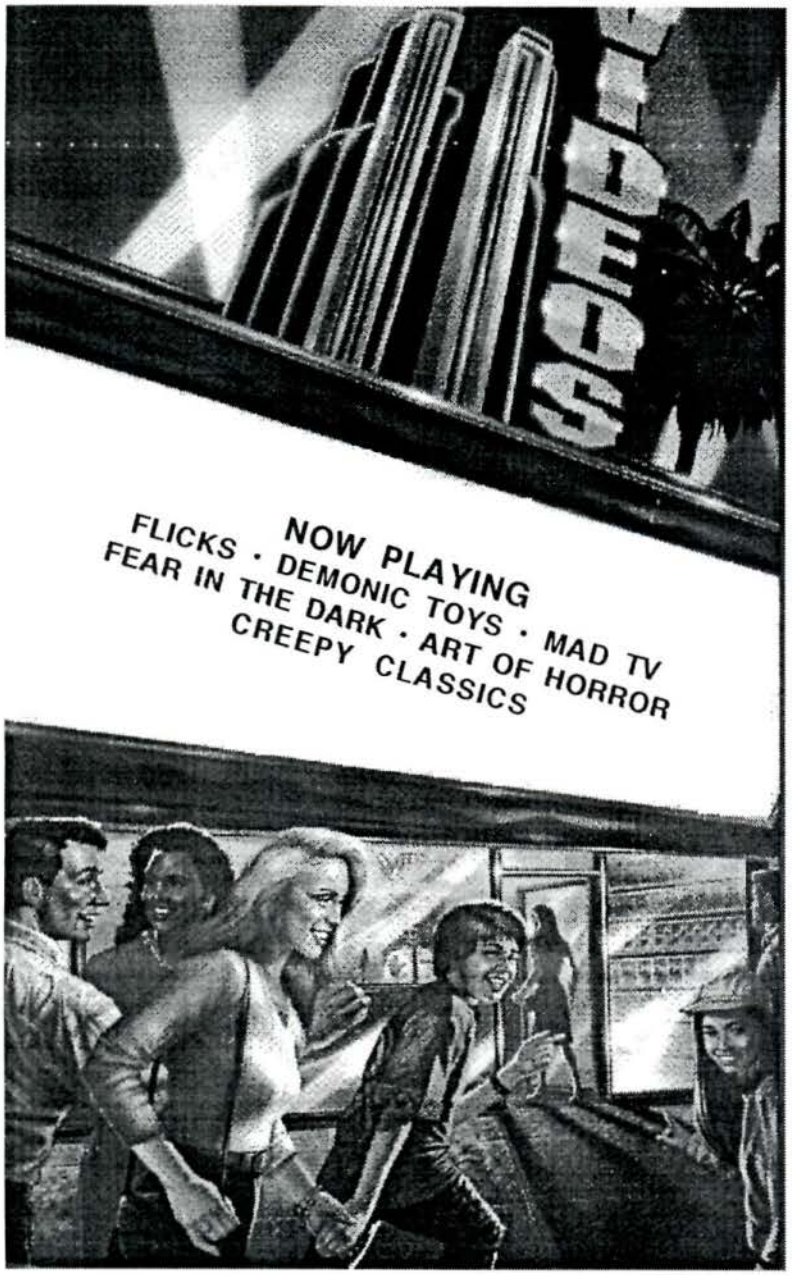
The absolutely annoying Mac returns as Timmy, an ornery youngling who blackmails his ex-con pappy (Ted Danson, with hair extensions), a recently released crook aching for one more heist. But in one incredible plot turn, the wiley Timmy figures out his father's scheme and makes him play daddy full-time.

The script is downright pathetic, with the funniest moments coming from Danson's mock pony tail, not to mention his pseudo-Bensonhurst accent. The writers, Tom S. Parker and Jim Jennewein (who also penned Mac's upcoming *Richie Rich*), were two of the many writers on *The Flintstones*, which may explain why Hector Elizondo's character has an affinity for vitamins in his brief scenes.

Director Howard Deutch lets the film go on forever, which gives you more time to wonder why Danson ever wanted to leave *Cheers*. Perhaps the biggest question to arise from this film, however, is the state of Macaulay's career. After all, he's approaching adolescence quicker than you can say Gary Coleman.

Mac has a scene in the film wherein he dons shades and lip-syncs "Do You Love Me?" The answer is blatantly obvious.

—Rob Collins



Flicks
(1985)
Media Home Entertainment
★★★☆☆

For a cheap anthology film that went straight to video, this is much better than most. Conceived as a spoofy tribute to the days where you could go to the theater and see two movies, a serial, a cartoon, a newsreel and a handful of previews, *Flicks* offers just that.

The cartoon stars the retired cat-and-mouse team of Cat and Mouse, who reminisce about the good ol' days before proceeding to beat the crap out of one another around the retirement home, all in animation that's a hint more expensive than that seen in *Creepshow 2*, but nowhere near as clever or stylish as the antics of Itchy and Scratchy. Following satirical previews that don't look like previews, there's a *Flash Gordon*-style serial featuring a stoner, a hip black dude and a henchman made of stone.

Martin Mull, whom I've never liked, and Betty Kennedy, whom I've never heard of, star as husband and wife in the film's first "feature," *House of the Living Corpse*, a horror spoof about a haunted house. The second feature on this double bill is a detective parody with a 6-foot cockroach as the gumshoe and *Dynasty*'s Pamela Sue Martin (the *really* untalented one) as his love interest.

Flicks was made with what looks like pennies. Though apparently intended for theatrical release, it never made it, and probably works better on video, anyway. The whole idea behind *Flicks* is a good one, but would have been funnier and more well-made if left in the hands of *National Lampoon*. Although schlocky, at least *Flicks* admits it and makes no effort to hide the fact. You could do worse.

Demonic Toys
(1991)
Paramount Home Video
★★★☆☆

Certainly better than the usual Full Moon Entertainment entry, but still no cinematic treasure, *Demonic Toys* is not without some drive-in appeal. In it, Tracy Scoggins stars as a she-cop who informs her partner / lover in the first scene that she's pregnant with his child. He's all happy; naturally, he dies two minutes later during a botched undercover assignment.

Scoggins chases the baddies into a seemingly abandoned warehouse full of toys that are possessed by evil spirits. There's a teddy bear that looks like Tammy Faye Bakker after a hunting accident, a foul-mouthed baby doll and a jack-in-the-box clown that looks like the one that scared the hell out of me the first time I saw *Poltergeist*.

Thus, the toys trap Scoggins in the warehouse along with the bad guys, a fat swill of a security guard, a homeless girl and a smartass chicken delivery boy. There's also three no-faced girls wearing gas masks and riding tricycles. Trust me on that one.

Stupid? Yeah, but before you know it, you've watched the whole thing, and without experiencing any pain. Scoggins, as always, is easy on the eyes, making up for her lack of thespian skills. She and the dolls were back in last year's sequel, *Dollman vs. Demonic Toys*.

The MAD Magazine TV Special
(197?)
bootleg
★★★★☆

Unlike *National Lampoon*, *MAD* has always had trouble getting film projects off the ground. We all remember the ill-fated theatrical *Up the Academy*...or do we?

The MAD Magazine TV Special was yet another project not meant to be, I suppose. Too bad, because it's good. It's a late-'70s fully animated show that plays like a typical issue would read. There's the quick Don Martin gags, an episode of *Spy vs. Spy* (which might actually be made into a movie with Jim Carrey and Damon Wayans), a behind-the-scenes peek into a hospital, a movie parody (*The Oddfather*) and an interview with the car manfacturer of the year. It is this latter segment that apparently kept this show from ever airing, with networks fearful of what the Big 3 might think of the less-than-flattering portrayal.

The special is faithful to the magazine, utilizing the artistic talents of many of the publication's mainstays, including Mort Drucker. And it's funny. For anyone who was ever a fan of the magazine or still is, it's a must-have. For ordering information, see ad elsewhere in this issue.

Fear in the Dark
(1992)
Pacific Arts Video
★★★☆☆

Billed as "a spine-chilling of the history of horror film," *Fear in the Dark* is just that, and fairly entertaining, too.

Actually a British TV documentary, this hour-long tape breezes through the beginnings of horror films to settle in the modern age of slasher and dead teenager pics. Directors such as John Carpenter, Wes Craven and Clive Barker are interviewed, and there's clips aplenty from films as varied as the classy Oscar-winner *The Silence of the Lambs* to bottom-of-the-barrel trash like *Society*.

The filmmakers also interview a lot of horror fans. They turn out to be basically a bunch of pimply-faced would-be Romper Stompers with irritating accents, often scarier than the films themselves. Check it out.

Clive Barker: The Art of Horror
(1993)
Paramount Home Video
★★★☆☆

Offered as a freebie last year to unfortunate renters of the abysmal *Hellraiser 3: Hell on Earth*, this is a 30-minute look at "horror master" Clive Barker, author, artist and filmmaker.

The most interesting thing about *The Art of Horror* is that it's even interesting at all. I say this because I do not like Clive Barker. I think his movies, popular though they may be, are boring. I hated the first *Hellraiser*, skipped the second third, rented the third one just to get this free tape (which you'd be damn lucky to find now) and was forced to watch *Nightbreed* against my will. I will admit to liking *Candyman*, but probably because Barker didn't direct it himself.

Still, any probe into the mind of an obviously demented man is my idea of fun. The clips are worked in without seeming intrusive, and the whole production is so slick it doesn't have that stilted documentary feel.

Creepy Classics
(1987)
Hallmark Video
★★★★☆

Yes, Hallmark. The card people.

Creepy Classics is one of those B-movie trailer compilations, but this one stands out for a few reasons: the late Vincent Price hosts, its 30-minute running time keeps things from dragging and, simply enough, it's fun to watch.

Among the clips Price introduces: *Dr. Terror's House of Horrors*, *Dinosaurus!*, *The Day of the Triffids* and *Gorgo* (you know, the prehistoric sea monster whose baby was captured by "reckless skindivers").

Price even touches on a few of his own, like *The Raven* and *The Pit and the Pendulum*. There's even a trivia quiz after the whole show comes to a close.

Queen of The Movie Channel

Shannon Tweed Update

(Featuring HITCH's Patented Erotic Thriller Sunblock Rating System)

Liar's Edge
(1991)
No SPF Needed

Shannon stars as a woman whose son thinks he's witnessed a murder committed by his sleazeball stepfather (David Keith). Suspicion heightens. Tensions are raised. Sex is had.

Sexual Response
(1992)
SPF-15

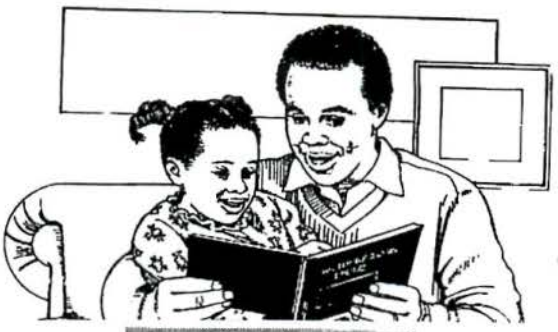
Shannon stars as a wallflower host of a radio talk show about sex. She becomes attracted to a mysterious sleazeball who wants to kill her husband. Sex is had.

Indecent Behavior
(1993)
SPF-10

Shannon stars as a sexual therapist who may be guilty of killing her patients by injecting them with an aphrodisiacal drug during sex. She falls in love with the investigating sleazeball cop. Will she kill him, too? Sex is had.

Night Eyes 3
(1993)
SPF-15

Shannon stars as an actress tormented by sleazeballs who want to hurt her. Andrew Stevens is the security expert hired to protect her. They shower together. They fall in love. Incidentally, Shannon apparently plays a completely different character than she did opposite Stevens in *Night Eyes 2*, yet that doesn't stop sex from being had.



Zine Central

Barney: The Lost Episode
ROM-DaH Press
1223 State St.
Emporia, KS 66801
free

America's favorite sensitive dinosaur as a pedophile? Depends on how you look at it. Here, thanks to uniquely captioned and curious monitor shots culled from Barney's show, it's a resounding "yes." Funny, and only a 20-second read at that. (24 pgs.)

Wrapped in Plastic
Craig Miller and John Thorne, Co-Editors
1912 E. Timberview Lane
Arlington, TX 76014
$3.95 issue / $25.50 sub (6 issues)

Despite the glowing mention given by *Entertainment Weekly*, this *Twin Peaks*-themed zine — a self-described

A Way-Cool Contest

For no valid reason at all, we're having a contest. It's easy to win, too. Just write us a review of the worst erotic thriller you have ever seen either on video or cable. Theatrical releases don't count, so *Basic Instinct* is automatically out. Make your review significantly longer than any of the ones at left, and send it in to us.

The best one will not only be printed in a future issue of **HITCH**, but also earn its author a fabulous, previously viewed copy of the horror classic *Hospital Massacre*. As reviewed in **HITCH** #1, *Hospital Massacre* is fondly remembered by many, or at least five people, for the two talents of former Playmate Barbi Benton, and little else. *Psychotronic* recommended it for the scene where Barbi gets a hypo in the neck. *Video Movie Guide 1994* deems it a turkey. Leonard Maltin won't even touch it. Being nice, we gave it one star.

It has no redeeming social values whatsoever. We picked it up for you (whoever you may be) at Sound Warehouse for about two bucks. You'll love it, so come claim it.

Send your entries ASAP (no real deadline) to us at: **HITCH**, 5504 N. Tulsa Ave., Oklahoma City, OK 73112.

"scholarly work of review and commentary" — is an exercise in anal-retentiveness. (A past issue analyzed move by move the chess game between Agent Cooper and Windom Earle.) The art is cheap and the layout cheaper, with fonts uglier than the Log Lady herself. Whether they're debating the significance of an item in the background of a throwaway scene or analyzing an episode, the writing is dull and dry, which is exactly how a great show like *Twin Peaks* doesn't deserve to be immortalized. Read the "Letters" section and count how many readers have fallen off the brink of reality. The most recent issue, centering on *The X-Files*, was an improvement, but not by much. (52 pgs.)

Scarlet Street
Richard Valley, Editor-in-Chief
271 Farrant St.
Teaneck, NJ 07666
$5.95 issue / $20 sub (4 issues)

Devoted to horror and mystery films, this magazine borders on the nerdy, catering to the *Star Trek* mindset. Plus, it smells really bad...literally. (116 pgs.)

Filmfax
Michael Stein, Editor
1320 Oakton St.
Evanston, IL 60202
$4.95 issue / $25 sub (6 issues)

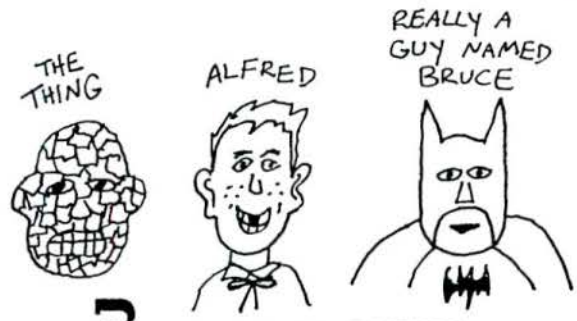
"The Magazine of Unusual Film & Television" could use a broader scope. Detailed articles on such cinematic luminaries as Bela Lugosi or hack director William Beaudine are too long-winded to be readable. There are, however, a lot of neat ads for some neat videos, most sold by *Filmfax* itself, and most sold at an outrageously high price. You can buy them cheaper by ordering from Sinister Cinema's catalog, (503) 773-6860. For true unusual movies, stick to *Psychotronic*. (100 pgs.)

Movie Club
Don Dohler and Don Leifert, Editors
12 Moray Court
Baltimore, MD 21236
$3.50 issue / $12 sub (4 issues)

Why do all these movie magazines come off so serious? Don't they know they should be fun, like the movies they review? This one sure as hell doesn't. The layout's as good as your average PTA newsletter, and the writing's as stiff as a corpse. I could put this together in my sleep. The worst. (44 pgs.)

Cult Movies
Michael Copner, Editor-in-Chief
6201 Sunset Blvd., Suite 152
Hollywood, CA 90028
$4.95 issue / $18 sub (4 issues)

Ditto. The *Movie Club* and *Filmfax* for the grindhouse set. A waste of paper, ink, etc. Yawn. (92 pgs.)



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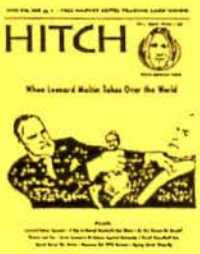
BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE!

#1 • JUNE 1994 • The Leonard Issue: An interview with Leonard Cohen, and a think piece on Leonard Maltin as world dominator. Plus, a he-man adventure to Darryl Starbird's Custom Car & Hot Rod Show, Kevin Costner's 34 Crimes Against Humanity, the hot disease of 1994, Bill Clinton's hair foibles, King Faisal, Vivarin and you, Shannon Tweed, *Speed Racer: The Movie*, the greek system's biggest secret and David Hasselhoff *live!* Free *Monkey Trouble* trading cards. All contents certified 100 percent Cobain-free. (40 pgs.)



#2 • AUGUST / SEPTEMBER 1994 • *Mystery Science Theater 3000*, episode guide intact. Plus, confessions of a U.S. census taker, a he-man adventure to San Antonio's Elvis museum, the secret life of Xuxa, rocket grenade injuries, hating Oliver Stone, becoming a U.S. citizen, lots of video and zine reviews and the Forrest Gump Crossword Puzzle. (32 pgs.)

NEXT ISSUE
#4 • DEC. 1994 / JAN. 1995

• Charlton Heston talks to **HITCH**

• Will Work for Food:
A holiday-spirited he-man adventure

• A free Christmas gift for *you!*

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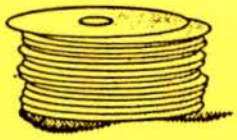

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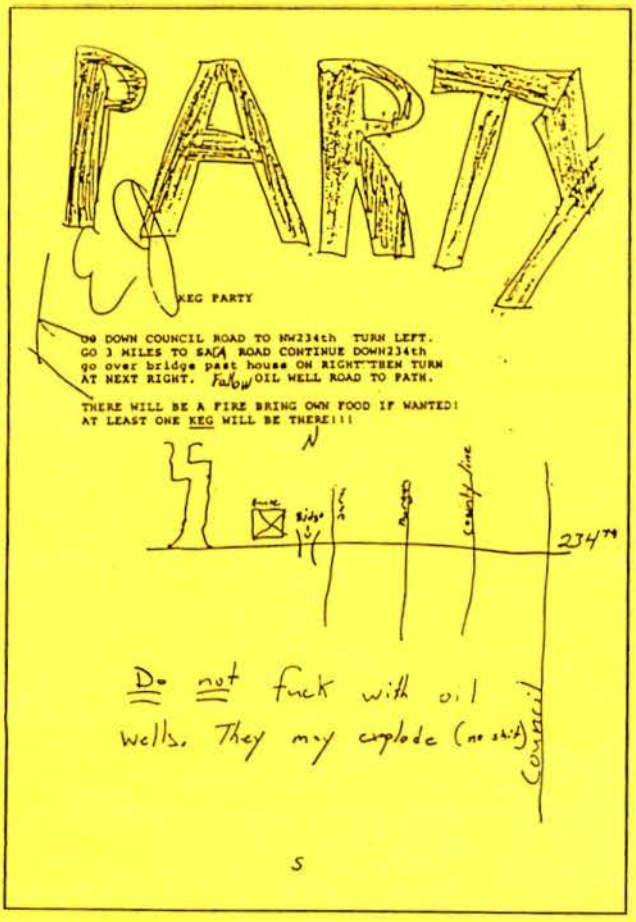
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